TO MISS ETTIE M. PERKINS.

Minnie Hear The Blue bird Sing

WORDS BY

GEO. LOWELL AUSTIN.

MUSIC BY

C. A. WHITE.

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BOSTON,
White, Smith & Perry.
298 & 300 Washington St.

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H. Bufford's Lith 400 Wash^n St Boston

To Miss Etta M. Perkins, Cambridge.

Minnie, hear the Blue-bird sing.

Music by C. A. WHITE. Arr. by WILLIAM GOOCH.

Allegro Scherzando.

8va.

1. Min - nie, hear the blue - bird sing, In the tree a - bove our
2. Min - nie, what does bird - ie say, In those strains so full of
3. While we twine our ear - ly flow'rs, Dai - sies white and vio - lets

head;..... And the echoes, how they ring,
cheer?..... Sings he of a bright - er day,
blue,..... He has come to make the hours,

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1871, by WHITE, SMITH & PERRY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

From a-bove our mos-sy bed;..... Oh, how glad he doth ap-
Tell-ing us that spring is here?..... Yes, his heart is tuned more
Bright-er for both me and you;..... While the mu-sic floats a-

-pear, As he sings his sweetest lays,..... Hap-py,
glad, By green fields and flow-ers fair;..... Win-ter
-long, From the woodland to the sea,..... Let us

flit-ting lit-tle dear, Pride and joy of spring-time days.
made him feel so sad, By its drear and chill-ing air.
join our loud-est song, And as hap-py, hap-py be.

CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

ad lib.

Now has come the love-ly spring, Bird and bee is here, How sweetly now they sing;

ALTO.

TENOR.

Now has come the love-ly spring, Bird and bee is here, How sweetly now they sing;

BASS.

PIANO.

ad lib.

10

Minnie, hear the blue - bird sing In the tree above our head,.....

Minnie, hear the blue - bird sing, In the tree above our head,.....

ad lib.

And the echoes, how they ring, From a-bove our mos-sy bed....

And the echoes, how they ring, From a-bove our mos-sy bed....

ad lib.

Tempo.

Brillante.

tr *tr* *Last time.*

D.C.

Thematic Catalogue

OF

C. A. White's Popular Songs

SOLD AT ALL MUSIC STORES.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

Come, Birdie, Come. Price 40 cts.

Beautiful bird of spring has come, Seeking a place to build his home,

Little Tottie chasing Butterflies. 40 cts.

Lit-tle Tot-tie's in the meadow, Where the morn-ing sunbeam lies.

In her little Bed we laid her. 40 cts.

In her lit-tle bed we laid her, When the ro-ses lost their bloom.

Put me in my little Bed. (CRADLE SONG OF AMERICA.) 40 cts.

Oh bir-die I am tired now, I do not care to hear you sing.

Beyond the Clouds. 40 cts.

Mother, where is Min-nie now, Min-nie whom we loved so well.

Lead us not Into Temptation. 40 cts.

Lead us not in-to temp-ta-tion, Father, hear our evening prayer.

Gone Before. 40 cts.

Gone where the shadows of life cannot come, Where every stranger may find a sweet home.

Kiss me and I'll go to sleep. 40 cts.

Oh father, come and sit by me, And let me take your hand in mine.

That little Church around the Corner. 40 cts.

That lit-tle Church around the corner, How dear to me the spot.

Father, pray with me to-night. 40 cts.

Bring your chair up nearer, father, I have something I would say.

Little Clo. 40 cts.

Lit-tle Clo's is the old, old story, Love's dream and a summer friend.

Little Em'ly. 40 cts.

I have sinned and I have suffered, More than words of mine can tell.

Little Snow-white blossoms. 40 cts.

Come let us wander forth now, Annie, The sun is warm and bright.

Kissing Sunbeams. 40 cts.

A-slant the carpet's ro-sy bed, A gold-en sunbeam fell.

Mother take me home again. 40 cts.

Moth-er, all a-lone to-night, I have sat and thought of thee.

Trusting. 50 cts.

When in life come dark-est hours, And the heart is bowed with grief.

Dora Lane. 40 cts.

Do-ra, I am lone-ly, My heart is fill'd with pain.

Alone in the World. 40 cts.

A-lone in the world, All a-lone I roam.

Home by the River. 40 cts.

There's a spot that is dear to me ever, Thro' the world as I drear-i-ly roam.

Birdie you must never tell. 40 cts.

Oh Bir-die, you must nev-er tell, Of what you've heard to-day.

Minnie, hear the Blue-bird sing. 40 cts.

Minnie, hear the Blue-bird sing, In the tree a-bove our heads.

Will you meet me by the Stile, Annie. 40 cts.

Will you meet me by the stile, Annie, to-night, Annie, to-night, Annie, While the

The foregoing are the most popular American Songs ever published.—The words of most of them were written by Dexter Smith.